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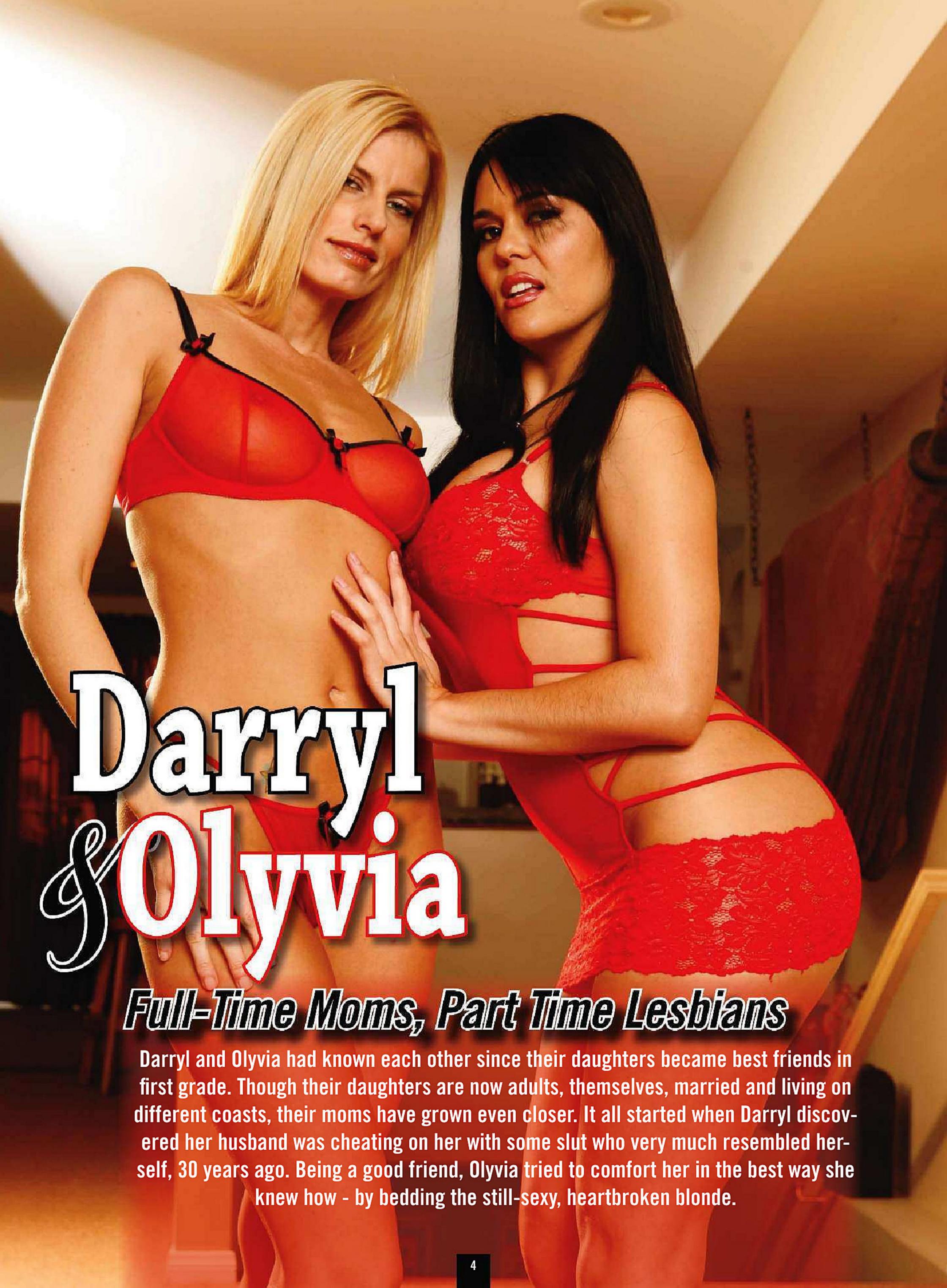














































































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If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

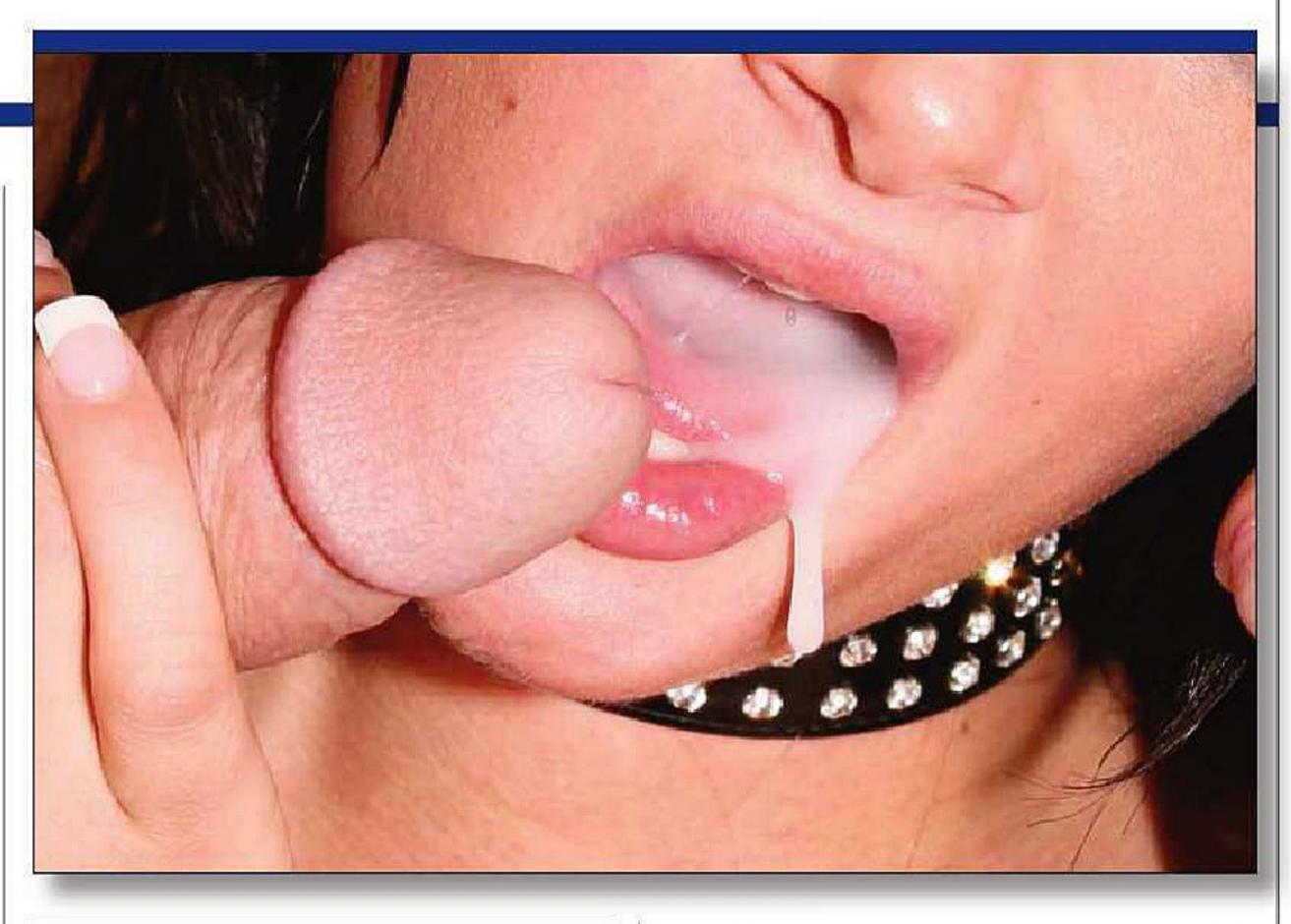
We received this letter and thought it deserved it's own couple pages. We thought it was proof that good old-fashioned perversity is alive and well in the godd ole' U.S.A. It was sent in by a woman to boot. – Ed.

To the Editor:

was wearing my sexy little number to the adult bookstore, and was looking for some fun in the glory holes. I entered the shop and I kept my long coat on over the top. There were about seven guys just browsing the shelves. My hubby didn't enter with me, he wanted to give the impression that we were not together. I started looking at the magazines first and noticed that the guys were looking at me, but trying not to be obvious about it. I had my coat unbuttoned and the latex mini was clearly visible underneath. On my feet, I wore my six-inch platforms, and these made me stand almost 6'4", as I am 5'10" in my bare feet. I am sure several of them thought I must have been a transvestite!

I slowly walked up and down the magazine aisles looking for pics of gangbangs, because I love them! I finally found a magazine called "Half-time," showing some cheerleaders being well and truly fucked by a huge number of black guys in a locker room! As I was reading this, I noticed my hubby enter the shop. However, he was not alone. He was chatting to another guy I had never seen before!

I put down the magazine and walked over to the area where all the dildos were. I picked up a nice pink one that



GLORY HOLE GOODNESS

had two heads on it, the ones you use to put in your pussy and ass at the same time. I was just stroking it up and down thinking how much fun it might be t try it, when the shop owner called out,

"Hey lady, you wanna touch you gotta buy first!"

"Oh, I am sorry," I replied. "I was just wondering what on earth this would feel like inside me?"

That got the men's attention!

"Hmm, well maybe you should try it out," said my hubby — and the other guys agreed with him, not knowing of course who he was!

I must have blushed a little, because

an old guy standing nearest to me said.

"It's ok, ma'am, we guys just don't get to see nice girls like you in here that much and the thought of watching you play with that pretty much turns us all on!"

"I see. Well, I would LOVE to play with it, but where?"

Just then the shop owner said, "You need to buy it first love!"

"I'll pay," said hubby! (God bless him!)

After he paid for the double dildo, the man who came in with my hubby said, "Hey babe, here's some lube to help do it right."

I took the small tube of pink lubricant and then stood looking at the men who had gathered around me.

"Now what?" I asked innocently.

"Come and stand here on this bench,

we all want a good view" said hubby again as he and the other guy lead me towards a small table covered in magazines.

I climbed onto the table and slowly removed my coat. The guys all whistled and moaned as they saw my body in the latex mini-dress with the holes.

I started to tease them and kiss and suck the bigger of the two heads on the double dildo, and the guys started to rub my thighs. I loved it! This was wild and really turning me on! I deep-throated the smaller head, and then slobbered spit all over them both, simulating the cocksucking I had no doubt I would shortly be doing! Then I took the lubricant and smothered it all over both heads of the double dong.

"You need to make my pussy and ass wet," I said in my sexiest slut voice!

Fingers and tongues went crazy! I was licked, poked, fingered, prodded and stroked to the point where I thought I was actually going to have an orgasm right there! I stepped away a little and then spread my high heels apart, exposing my pussy and ass totally to the men who were gathered around me. I leant forward so my hand rested my weight against the wall, and then with the other hand, slowly pushed the larger head inside my waiting pussy, much to the moaning delight of the guys who had now taken out most of their cocks and were wanking with me as I fucked myself.

"Stick it in your ass you slut – fuck your asshole, baby," said the man who had entered with my hubby.



"Please put both inside you baby," said the nice older guy.

I bent further forward and then ever so slowly, pushed both cockheads inside my hungry ass and pussy at the same time. It hurt a little at first in my ass, and so I slowly moved it in and out.

"I need a tongue on my clit," I said, and within seconds, the old guy had moved underneath me from the front and was sucking and licking my fattening clit.

This was amazing, and it was everything I had hoped for! I stood on the table and fucked my ass and pussy until I orgasmed right in front of those men, with the old guy's tongue lashing my clit. I thrashed about when I came, my head tossing back and forth as the waves of pleasure washed over me. I smiled and moaned as I came, and then slowly stepped down from the table, the double dildo still embedded in my tight ass and hungry pussy.

"Now it's our turn," said my hubby.

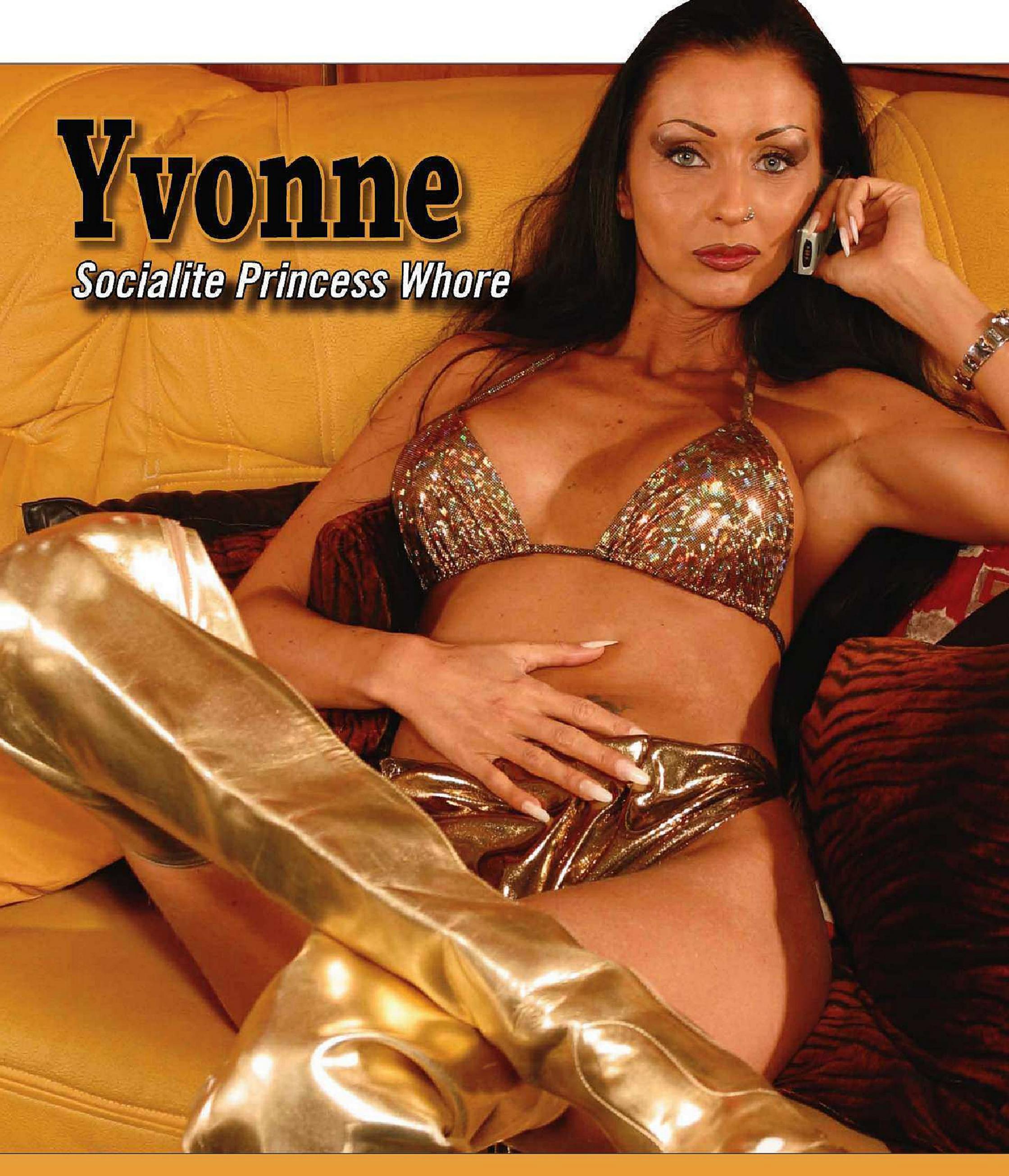
"Yeah, it's time to cum," said another guy.

"Ok, I said, but I want it in the glory holes, I am in this booth, you all go next door, and I will suck you ok?"

No one complained. They just about killed each other getting inside the small booth next to the one I entered. I had to remove the double dildo when I walked into the booth, but quickly squatted down to suck the first cock that came through the glory hole, and so placed the tool back inside my holes. This was incredible. Here I was, on my knees, wearing high heels and a latex mini-dress in a public bookstore sucking a strangers cock!

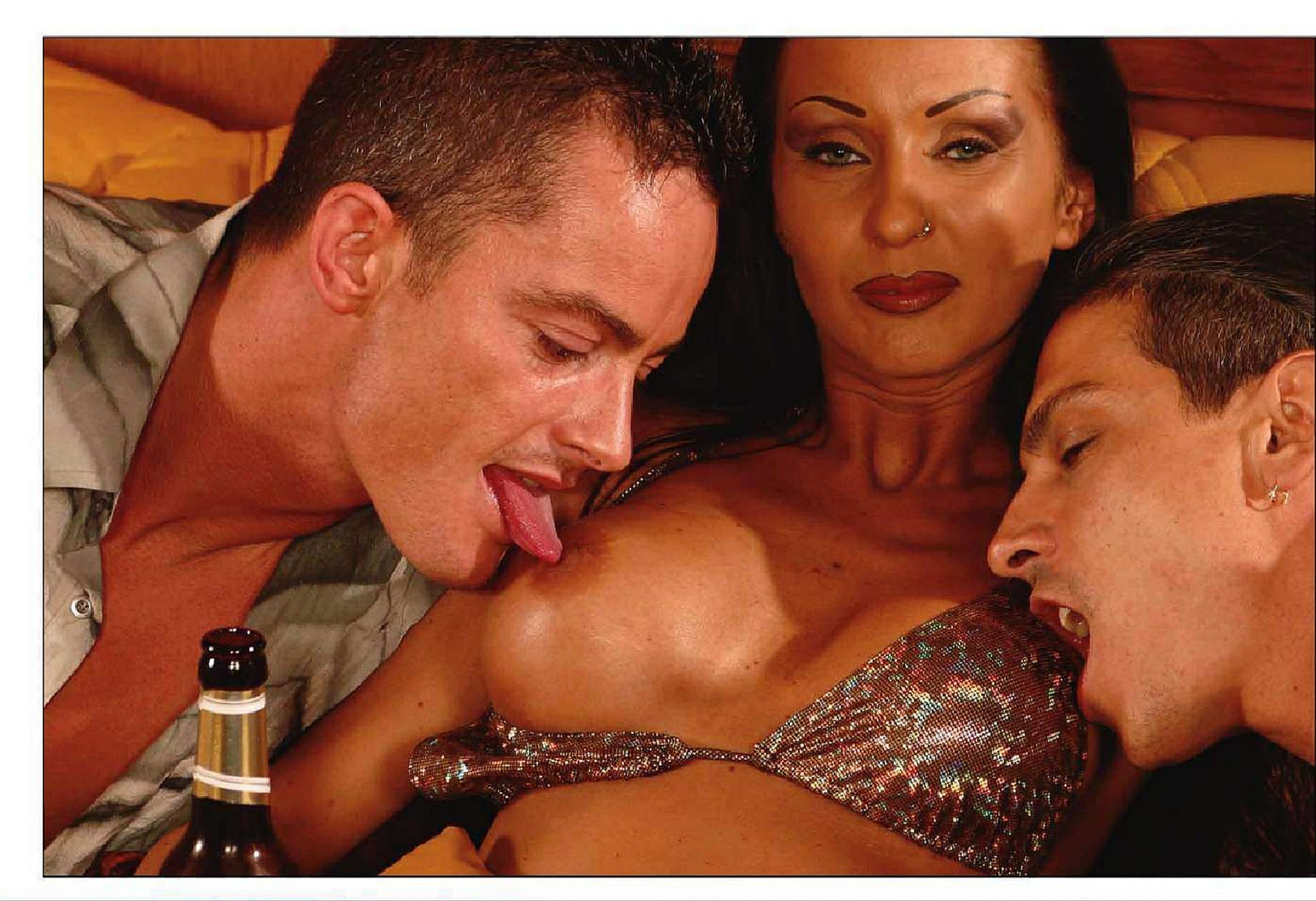
I spent the next hour or so drinking so much cum that when I finally left, I reckon my tummy was making a squelching noise as I walked!

- Tracy



Yvonne could easily be considered the matriarch of a perverse party dynasty. The Parises and Lyndseys of the world could learn a thing or two from her incalculably debaucherous younger years. Just because she's aged, it doesn't mean she's slowed down one little bit. In fact, time just seems to have added to her depravity. This is one woman you won't find knitting scarves for her grandkids.























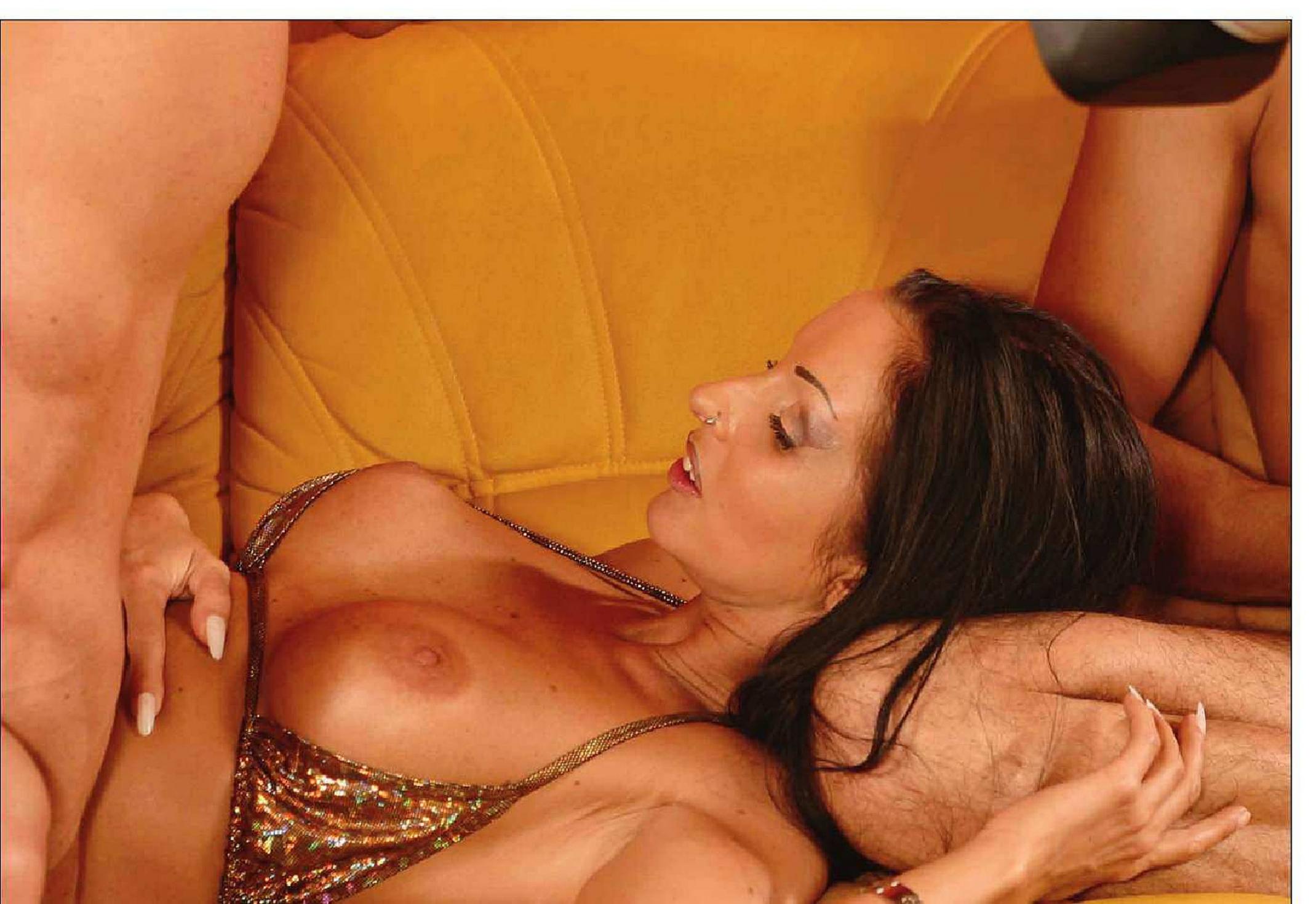










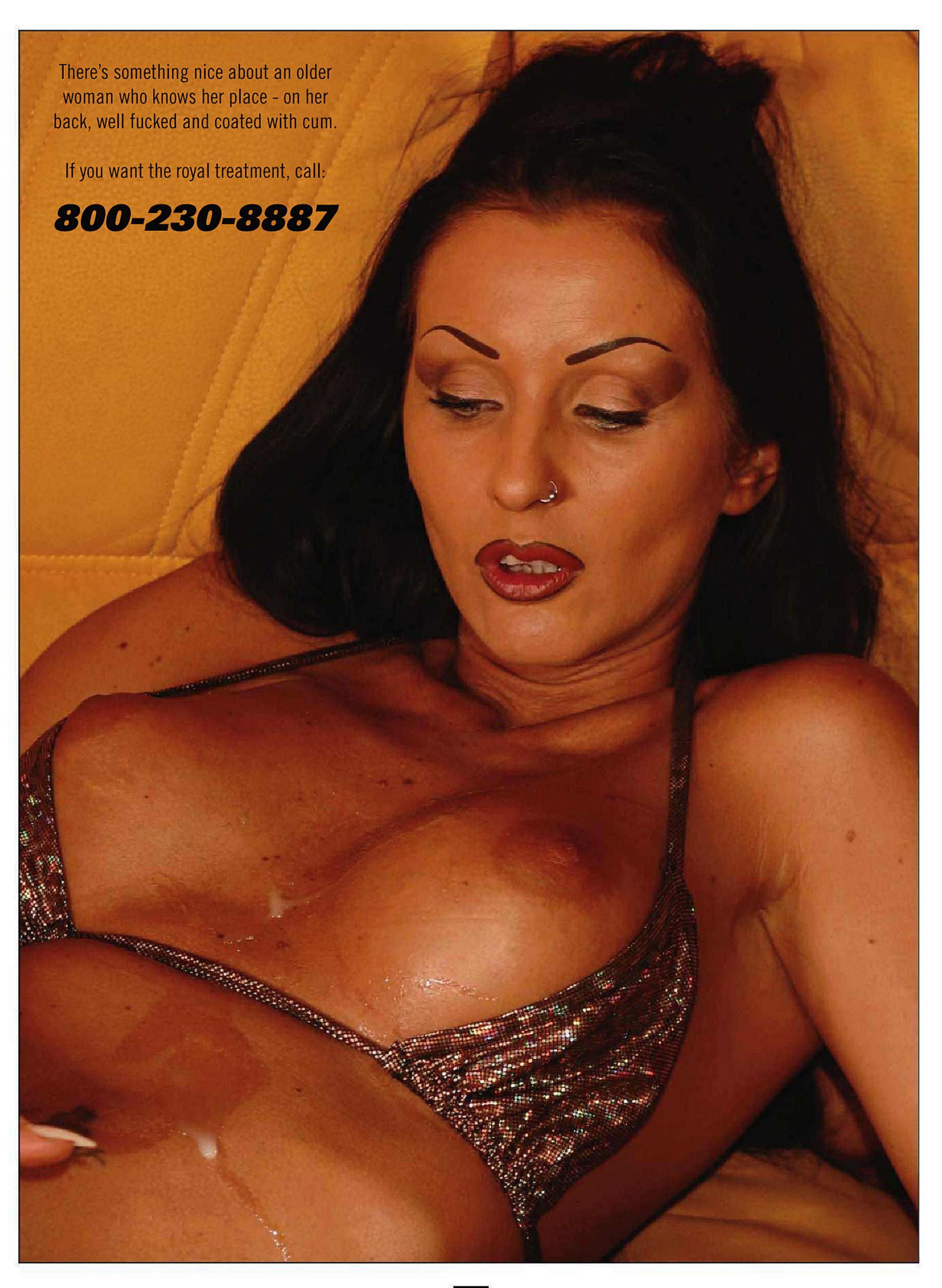


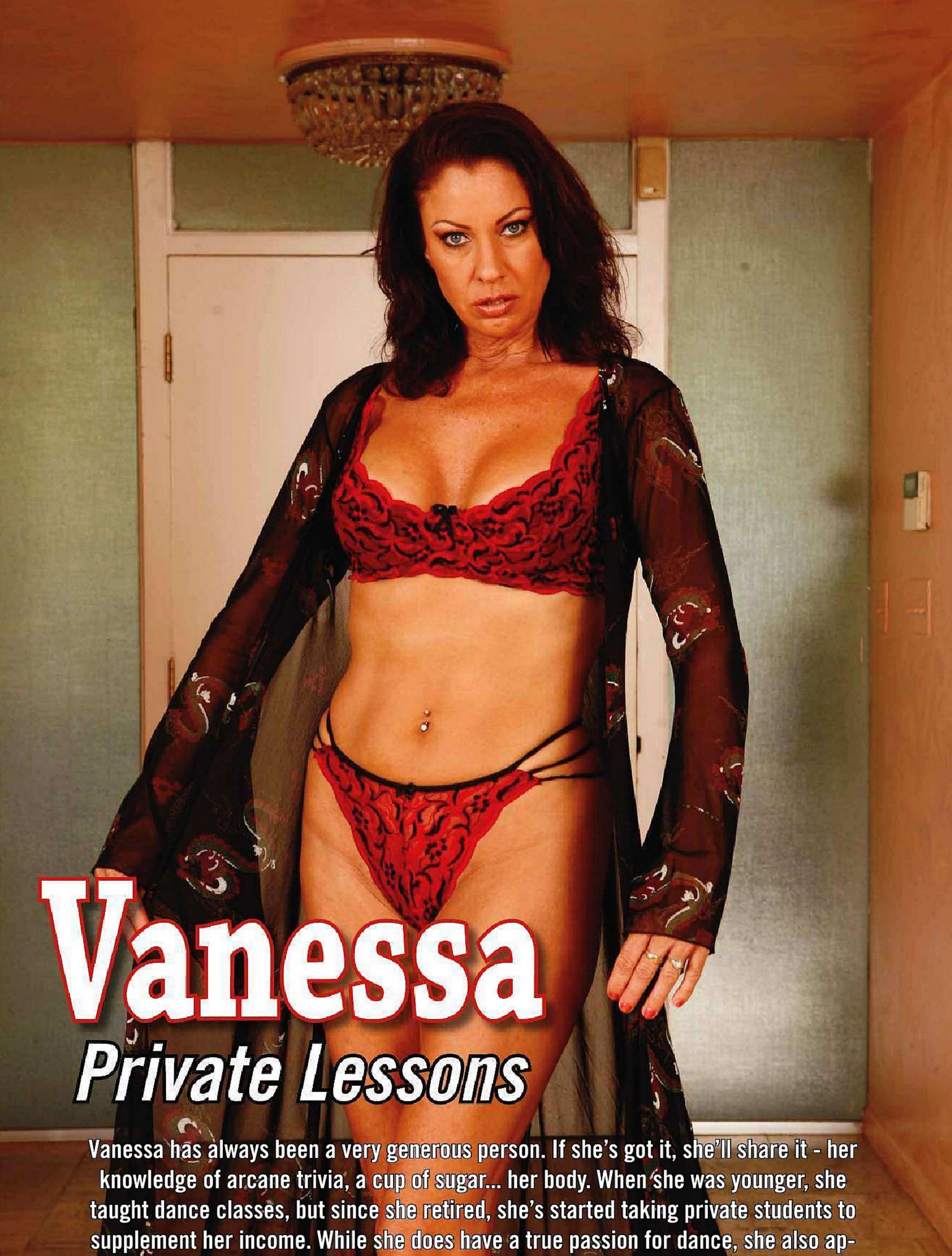












preciates the fact that it provides her with a steady stream of eager pupils, willing to get loose and sweaty in their quest for properly syncopated coordination. On multiple occasions, Vanessa has been known to add some very personalized "choreography."





























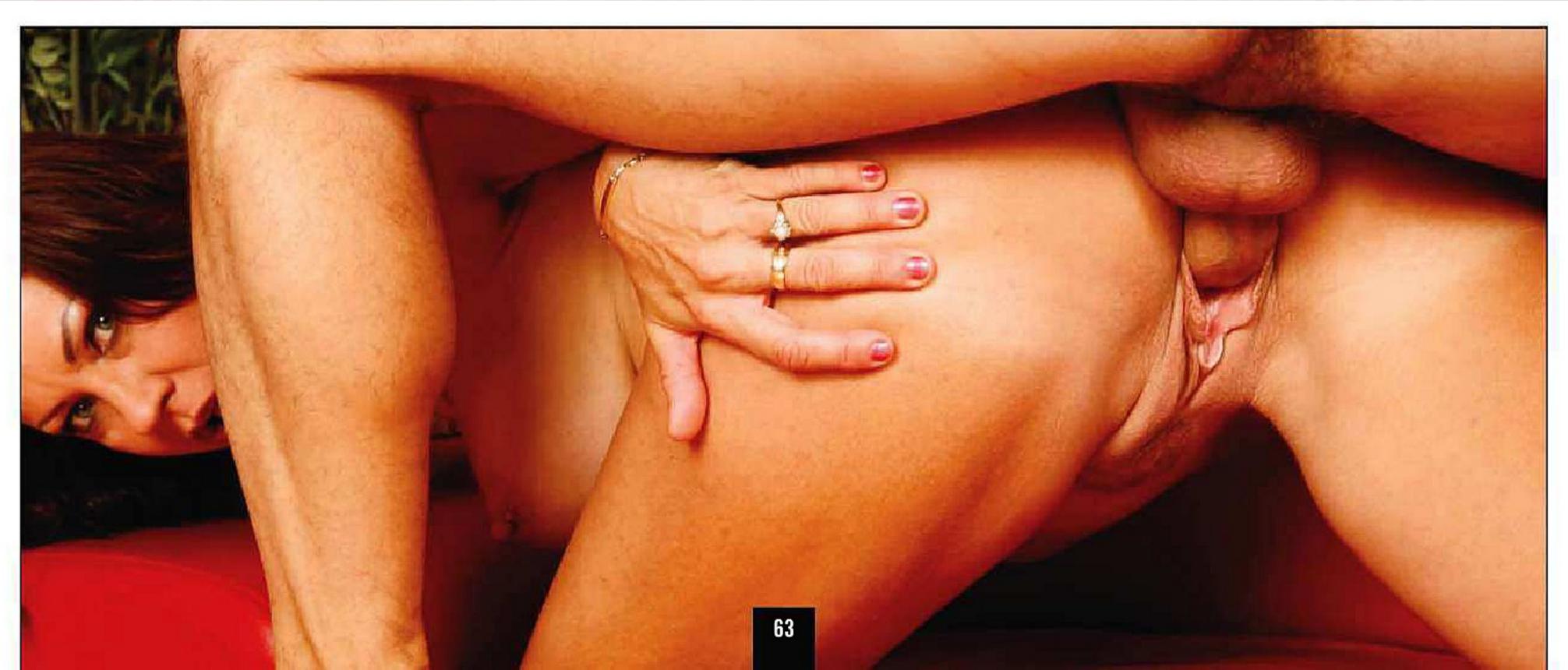




















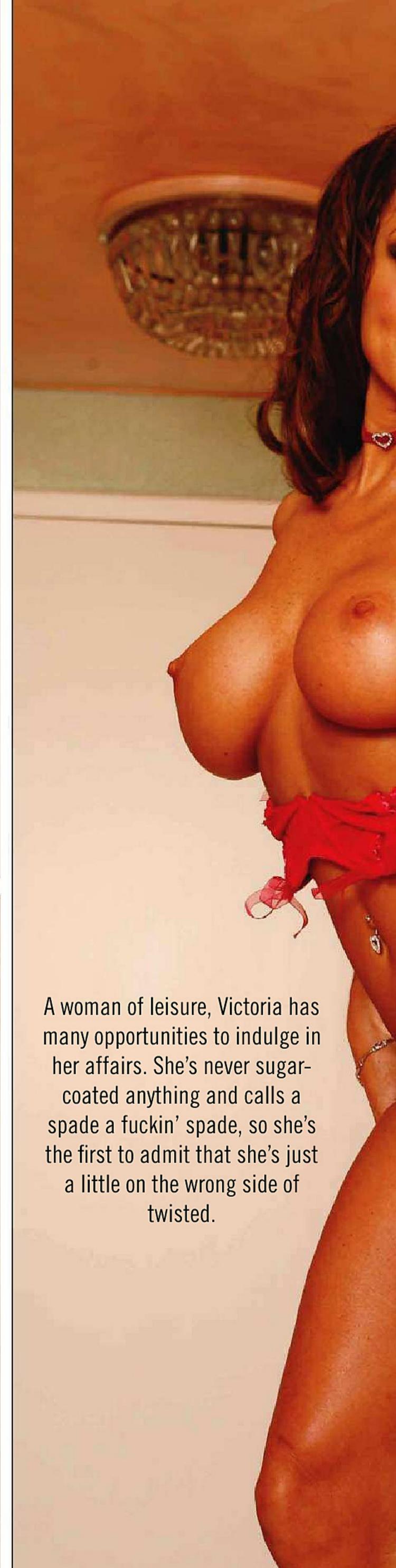
When Victoria first met her husband, it was her slutty personality which attracted him, as well as all that entailed. Enthralled with his saucy muse, he quickly married her, assuming that her behavior would become more sedate once she had a ring on her finger. In this, he was sadly deluded. To be fair, Victoria tried to be a good wife, but it seemed like she just couldn't say no to temptation. Soon, she gave up any pretense of being a good girl, though she tried to shield her husband from tales of her indiscretions. Though he had his suspicions, he couldn't stand the thought of losing his Vicki, so twenty-six years into their marriage, Victoria is just as slutty as ever.





























































Kendra's always been a big-time dyke, but for Peyton, it took a string of no-account, deadbeat boyfriends to turn her gay. On her second night at Lips (the only lesbian bar she'd ever visited), she ran into Kendra, three-sheets to the wind and horny as hell. Though Peyton found Kendra strangely attractive, she had no idea about how one went about wooing a woman. She needn't have worried. Kendra took matters into her very feely hands, and before she knew it, Peyton was getting her first taste of pussy.









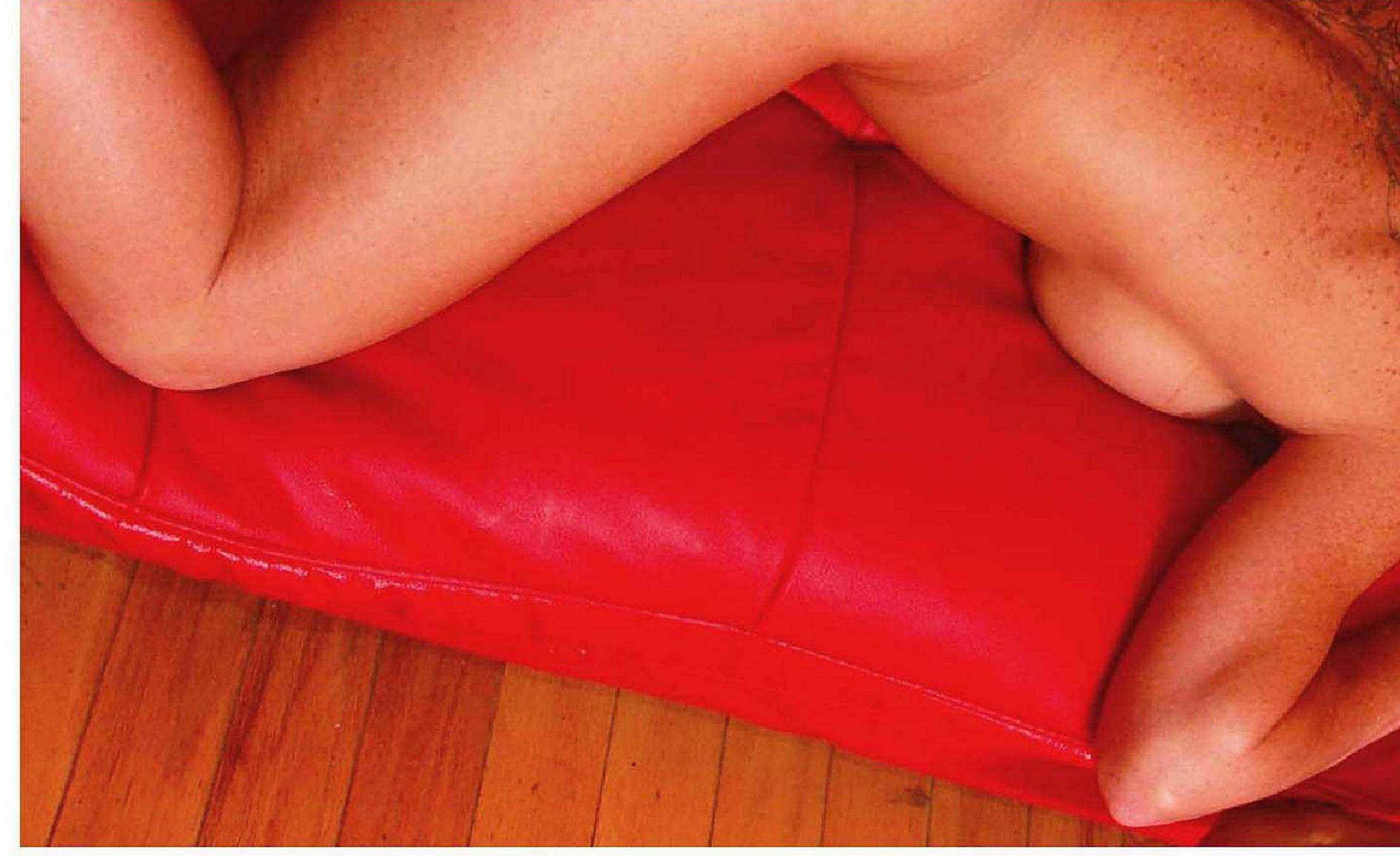












































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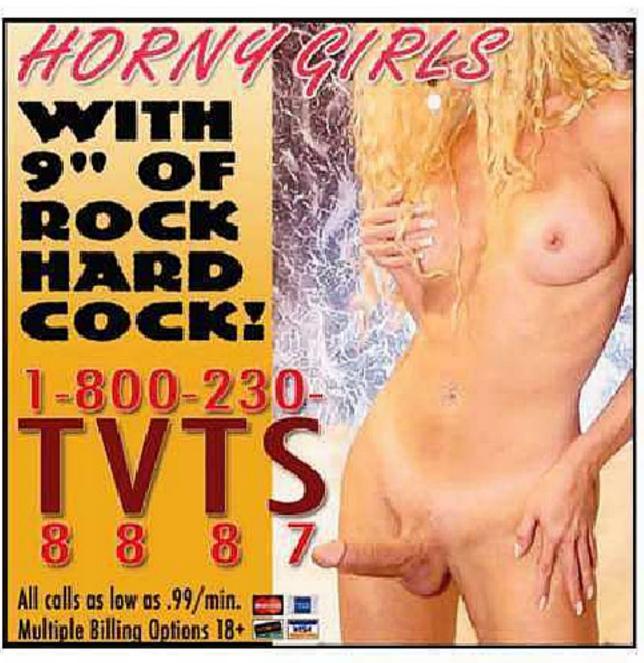
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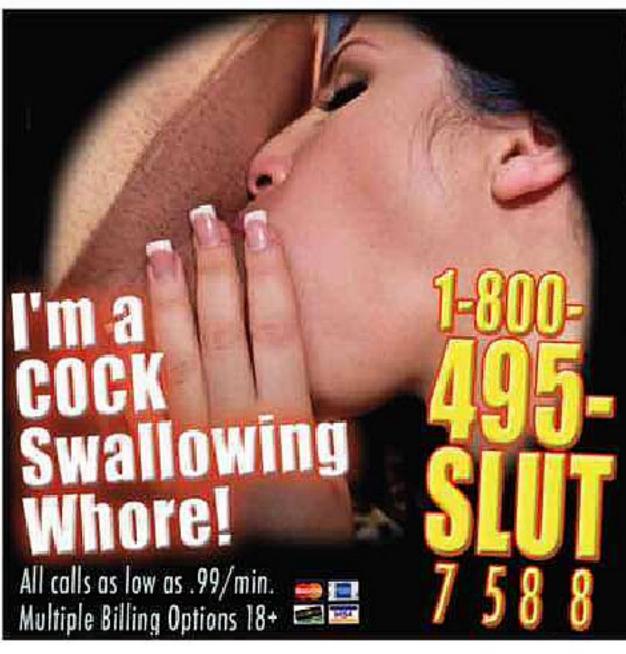












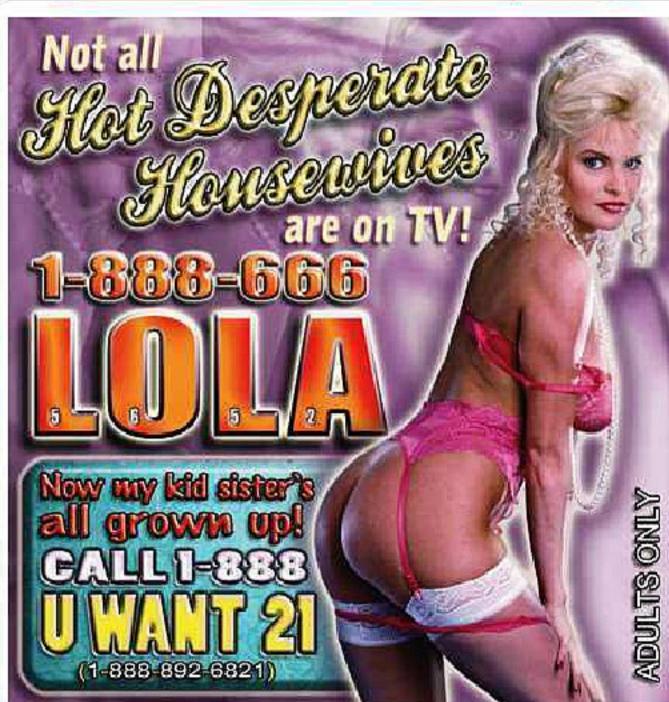












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Confessions of a Hot Older Woman

Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual(and especially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong - I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex." I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better. These days I find myself indulging in all kinds of sexual fantasies in all kinds of places.



Must be 18 +

The young man at the grocery store, the businessman having lunch in the local bistro - all are likely to be disconcerted by my appraising glance! Since we all know - or SHOULD know - that the most sensitive erogenous zone is between our ears, then it makes sense that it's a woman's aura, her vibe, that arouses a man's interest. An older woman is more likely to give off an air of confidence, an air of knowing just what she wants and how to get it. Such a woman knows her body well and knows how to extract every last drop of pleasure from it. She's comfortable in her own skin and doesn't waste fretting about minor imperfections the way she might have done in her twenties. By the time she's in her forties a woman knows what's important. She knows the value of taking her time, knows that where there's one orgasm, there's also another and another. An older woman is experienced in the ways of pleasing a man and, more importantly, in how to please herself. She's not looking for a man's approval - she already knows who and what she is and what she demands from life. You won't need to spend your time trying to guess what the older woman wants from you - she'll let you know!

A word about "head games" and yes, there's a world of difference between a mind fuck and a head game. The kind of head game an older woman plays is more likely to be a way of enhancing her enjoyment - and her partner's - rather than to bolster a fragile ego as is often the case with a younger woman. Oh, and you won't find an older women asking "What are you thinking?" because, quite frankly, she doesn't much care.

If you want your world to be rocked, rather than just a little shaken, then seek out the older woman - she'll rock your world in ways a younger woman hasn't even thought of yet!

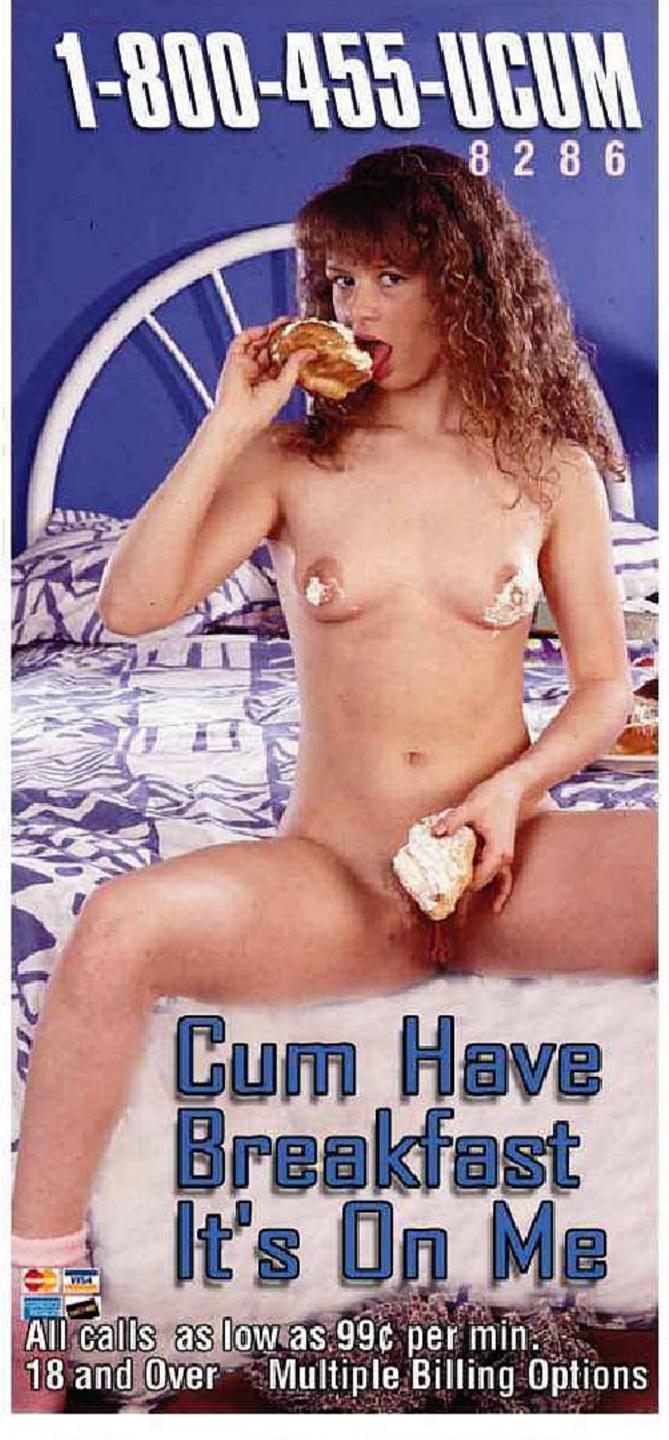












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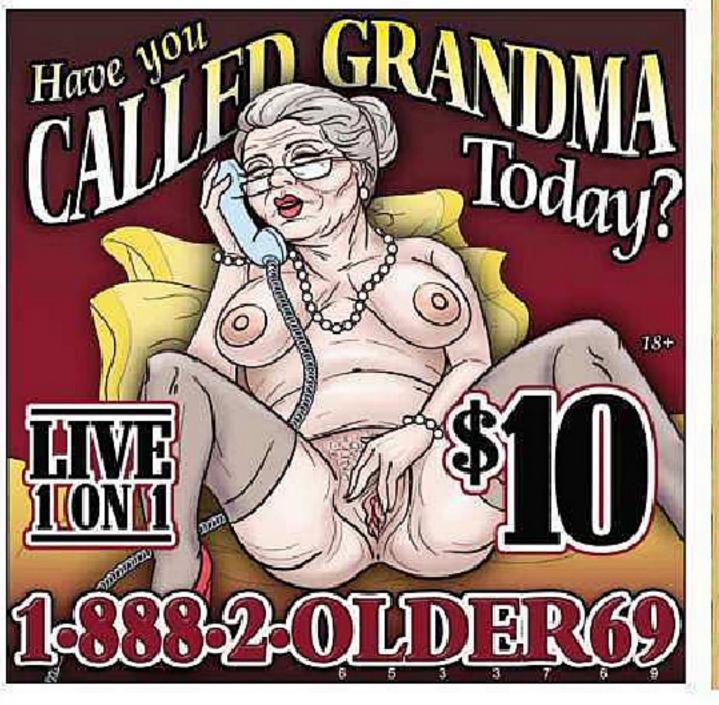
























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Dr. Sabrina returns with more words for you

Okay, so I'm not the type to kiss and tell. But I will, just this one time, just for you.



To my readers,

The other week I ran into an old college classmate of mine. We were both majoring in psychology and, if I remember correctly, she graduated summa cum laude. We were both attending a convention in San Francisco. I was giving a seminar on sexual disorders in the baby boom generation and she was lecturing in the room next to mine.

Her name is Danita but we all called her Danni. It's been almost twenty five years since I last saw her, and she hadn't changed a bit. Still the striking redhead now that she was then. All the psych nerds were trying to get into her pants and she tried to keep them at bay as best she could, but I understand that one finally got through to her and into her pants. She ended up marrying him right after graduation.

After our lectures ended the first night I invited her to the hotel bar for a drink and to reminisce about old times. She

agreed and we met around 8pm. What a great conversationalist she was. We talked and laughed until midnight. Realizing how late it was and that we both had early lectures, we paid the tab and headed for the elevators and our rooms.

We happened to be on the same floor, and at her door, we hugged good night. But as we broke our embrace, she looked at me and asked if I would like to come in for a night cap. Normally I wouldn't, but we had such a good time and she was so naturally nice, I went in. She told me to unwind and get out of my jacket while she went to the bathroom. She came out in only her bra and panties and I was a bit embarrassed, but she poured us a couple drinks and I quickly let my guard down.

After another hour of conversation, and a couple more drinks, she came over to the sofa where I was sitting and planted a big wet kiss right on my mouth. I was shocked. Yes, we talked a lot about sex. It's our occupation, but to think about doing it with her was out of the question. Or was it?

I pulled away, telling her I had never been with a woman and it was much too late. She smiled and said she understood as I blotted my smeared lipstick. I headed for the door and got to my room. I thought about what just happened and realized it wasn't as bad as I thought when it happened. I picked up the phone and called her. She answered and I told her I was coming back to her room.

Well, I've run out of space for this column. I'll finish next issue and tell you all the juicy details. I promise.

Love to all of you. – Dr. S













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